

Cupids Cabinet Unlocked,
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THE NEW ACADEMY
OF
COMPLEMENTS.

Odes, Epigrams, Songs, and Sonnets,
Poésies, Presentations,
Congratulations, Ejaculations,
Rhapsodies, &c.

With other various fancies.

Created partly for the delight, but
chiefly for the use of all Ladies,
Gentlemen, and Strangers, who af-
fect to speak Elegantly, or write
Queintly

By W. Shakespeare.

By W. Shakespeare

W^m Milner is
my name England
is my Nation
Leffray is my Dwelling
place and Heaven
I hope will be my
Salutation
Remember me when
this you see I wrote
it in my prosperity

A SONNET.

*Inviting to some pleasant
walk.*

I.

Come away blest Soules, no
more
Feed your eyes with what is
poor,
'Tis enough that you have
blest

What was rude, what was undrest,
And created with your eyes
Out of *Chaos* Paradise,

2.

These Trees, no golden Apples give,
Here's no *Adam*, here's no *Eve*,
Not a Serpent dares appear
While you please to tarry here.
Oh I then sit, and take your due,
Thole the first fruits are that grew
In this *Eden*, and are thrown
On this Altar as your own.

AN EPIGRAM.

A Wonderfull scarcity will shortly
 ensue
 Of Butchers, of Bakers, and all such as
 brue.
 Of Tanners, of Taylers, of Smiths, and the
 rest
 Of all occupations, that can be express'd,
 In the year of our Lord, seven hundred
 and ten
 I think, for all these will be Gentlemen.

A CHARM,

To expell Melancholy.

Hence loathed Melancholly
 Of *Cerberus*, and blackest midnight
 born
 Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and
 sights unholy,
 In the Stygian Cave forlorn
 Finde out some uncouth cell,
 Where the night Raven sings
 And brooding darkness spreads his jealous
 wings
 There

There, (ragg'd as thy locks)
Under those Ebon shades, and low brow'd
Rocks
In dark Cimmerian shades for ever dwell.

The Souldiers Song.

Come let the state stay,
and drink away,
There is no businesse above it,
It warms the cold brain,
Makes us speak in high strain;
Hee's a fool that does not approve it.
The Macedon youth
Left behinde this truth,
That nothing is done, with much think-
ing:
He drunk, and he fought
Till he had what he fought;
The world was his own by good drink-
ing.

A N E P I G R A M.

Cariola hath a spot upon her face,
Mixt with sweet beauty, adding to
her grace,
By what sweet influence, it was begot
I know not, but it is a spotlesse spot.

De eadem.

As with fresh meat, mixture of Salt is
meet,
And Vinegar doth relish well the sweet,
So in fair faces moulds sometime arise,
Which serve to stay the surfeit of our eyes.

A Song.

O 'Re the smooth enamel'd green,
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me as I sing,
And touch the warbled string,
Under the shady roof
Of branching Elm, starre-proof,
Follow me
He bring you where * *Clarissa* sits
Clad in splendor as befits
Her Diety,
Such a Rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

* A feigned
name given
by the Au-
thor to his
Mistresse.

AN EPIGRAM.

W He is that fool, that hath his Coffers
full,
And riches free'd, adorn the veriest gull,
Yet

He hath, he hath the red sinn', and the yellow.
low.

Five LYRICK PIECES,

*Dedicated, by the Author, to the truly fair,
and noble Mistressse, E. C.*

I.

I Can no longer (sweet) forbear
Since, now, your cation is my fear,
And the wrinkles, on your brow
(More white then Pelops shoulder) plow
Large furrows, on my panting heart;
Cupids sledge, not Cupids Dart
Hath bruiz'd, not pierc'd it; why should I
Alone, in silence pine, and dy?
And not as others, finde a vent?
Winds earth- quakes caule, when they are
pent
In hollow Grotts, but gently sail
With a smooth, and easie gale,
When their Patents sign'd to blow,
When, and where they list to go.

2.

Shall I impeach my self, and say,
I have deserv'd this dire delay,

And

And that your frowns I merit more
 Then all your favours heretofore.
 Shall I divulge the truth, and tell
 I am (in Love) an infidel?
 Nature in giving form to thee,
 Exhausted all her treasury,
 He then that doth not idolize
 Her Master piece, and sacrifice
 Devoutly to it, needs must be
 A wretch, prophane, and I am he.
 My error's found, and now command
 My pennance, what comes from your hand,
 I shall with a religious awe,
 Accept, and make your will my Law.
 Pronounce it Ladie, let your threat
 Be, as my *quondam* crime was, great.

3.

Now purg'd by bless'd, and holy fire
 Let me, triumphant, strike my Lyre,
 And sing her praises, who doth deigne
 To be my Goddess once again,
 And let my piercing numbers move,
 As Orpheus er'st, the shady grove
 Of *Ossa*, and allure each stone,
 As once the Harp of *Amphion*,
 Like him of *Salmo*, let me sing
 And gently strike *Carullus* string,

Or

Or give me *Flaccus* heavenly note,
That I may like some *Chorus* vote,
Heark *Goddesse*, thus doth *Clio* sing
Ecchoed from *Parnassus* spring.

4

What th'antick Bards fabled of old,
In thee a real truth will hold,
Hyperion shines, more often then
He would, upon the race of men,
To gaze on thy bright beauty; thee
He hath design'd his *Lawrell Tree*,
And *Love* with horns would crown his
scull

Once more, saye that thou hat'st a *Bul*:
Bacchus hath often sed thy taste
As (she, so many ages past)
Fair hair'd *Erigone*, and swears
Thou art the sweetest of thy years,
Saturnus sister, *Pallas*, she
That took conception of the Sea,
Striving for *Ages* gift, had lost
That which, *Dardania*, dearly cost,
Hadst thou thy self to *Paris* shown,
The Apple [sure,] had been thy own
Divinest beauty, fairer faire
Then she *Thyonens* made a starte.

H

Men

Men say three Graces, but thy worth
 Doth canonize thee for a fourth;
 So sweet thy look, so grave thy gate
 Such luster (ne're, yet pointed at
 By Petrarchs pen) doth richly flow,
 Onely an Angels pen can show
 Its perfect essence, how can I
 Give thy excentrick entity.

5.

Come then (my dearest, let's combine)
 As the strong Oake, and creeping Vine,
 And mix in an alternate warre,
 [A happy with a peacefull jarre]
 While we in bickering do consent
 Our skinninge shall be inuent,
 And when we are marry'd, we'll compare
 Our mouths, and thence fetch fresher aire.
 Throw by thy vestments then, and show
 My eyes, a walking hill of snow.
 Oh, how my ravish'd sense doth glory
 To sleep on such a promontory,
 Now while our pleasant toyl we ply,
 Heark, how the spheres in harmony
 Do meet, Neptune forgers to roare,
 The Syren sport upon the shore.
 Nature her self doth smile, and all
 Creatures (save those irrational)

In

In imitation of our loves
Practise the Complement of Doves
This pleasant juncture (from our hie)
Another age doth typify
Which shall be truly stil'd of Gold,
When Love shall not be bought, or sold.

D. M.

A Letter.

Dearest Lady,

Since 'tis my fate to be thy slave,
Render such pity thou would'st
crave,
If 'twere thy fortune so to be
To him, that Courts his destiny,
My moans sufficient were to melt
A flinty heart, who Love ne're felt,
Yet all those tears do prove in vain,
To quench my scorching Love-sick pain,
'Twas those Magnetick eyes that drew
My heart from me at the first view,
If then to Love, thou wert the wombe
That gave it life, be not the Tombe.
If thou bee'st pleas'd exile delay
Dangers attend a tedious way,
Few are the words, that may combine
Our hearts, 'tis only say, thou art mine,

But if another hath possess'd
Those joys, that should have made me
blest,

Be speedy in thy doom, and I
By death am freed from misery.

*Yours, and not his
own*

K. D.

SONG

In parts.

GALFREDO, LUCINDA.

GALFREDO.

Didst thou not once, *Lucinda*, vow,
For to love none but me,

LUCINDA.

I, But my Mother tells me now,
I must love wealth, not thee.

GALFREDO.

'Tis not my fault, my flocks are lean,
Or that they are so few.

LU-

LUCINDA.

Nor mine, I cannot love so mean,
So poor a thing as you.

GALFREDO.

But I must love thee, now believe,
I'll seal it with a kiss.

LUCINDA.

He give thee no more cause to grieve,
Than what thou find'st in this.

GALFREDO.

Then witnesse all you powers above,
And by these holy bands,

LUCINDA.

Let it appear, the truest Love
Comes not through wealth, or Lands.

H 3

The

The search.

AN ODE.

Echo, sweetest Nymph, that liv'st un-
seen,

Within thy airie cell,
By flow Meanders margent green,
And in the violet imbroider'd vale,
Where the Love-lorn Nightingale,
Nightly to thee her ravishment doth tell.

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle paire
That likest thy Narcissus are,
Oh, if thou have
Hid them in some flowry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet Queen of parly, daughter of the
Ishear,
So may I thou be translated to the skies,
And give resound to heavenly harmonies.

AN EPIGRAM.

U *Lyfles*, having fcap'd the Ocean flood,
Twice ten years pilgrimage in for-
raigne Lands,
And the sweet fongs of *Syrens*, tun'd to
blood,
And *Cyclops* jaws, and *Circes* charming
hands
Comes home, and, feming fafe, as he mi-
ftakes
He fteps awry, and falls into a lakes.

A SONG.

1.

Pox take you Miftrefle, He be gone,
I have a friend to wait upon,
Think you He my felf confine
To your humours, Lady mine,
No your fowring fentences lay,
'Tis a rayny drinking day:
To the Tavern He away.

2.

There have I a Miftrefle got
Cloyfter'd in a pottle pot

H 4.

Brisk

Brisk, and sprightly, as your eyes,
 When those richer glances flies,
 Plump, and bounding lovely fair,
 Bucksome, lively, debonaire,
And shee's called, sack my dear.

3.

Sack's my better Mistresse farre,
 Sack's my onely beauties starre.
 She with no disdain will blast me,
 Yet upon the bed shee'l cast me,
 And the truth of her to say,
 Spirits in me shee'l convey,
 More then thou canst take away.

4.

Yet, if thou wil't take the pain
 To be good, but once again,
 Do but smile, and call me back,
 And thou shalt be that Lady, Sack,
 Faith, but trie, and thou shalt see
 What a loving Soul I'll be,
 While I'me drunk, with nought but thee.

MAY

MAY MORNING.

NOW the bright morning starre, dayes
harbinger,
Comes dauncing from the East, and leads
with her
The flowry May, who from her green lap
throwes
The yellow Cowslip, and the pale Prim-
rose.

Hail bouateous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire,
Woods, and Groves, are of thy dres-
sing,

Hill, and Dale, doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee, with our early song,
And singing welcome thee, and wish thee
long.

A Letter.

Sweetest, thy name to me doth promise
much;
Oh, that thy nature also were but such.
But whence (alas) the difference doth
grow,
Is hid from me, nor can I come to know

Unto thy excellent, and soveraigne beauty

I'me bound, in all the bonds of love, and duty

I that till now, could never learne to know,

Whether that Love were seated high, or low.

I, that as yet, did never know loves law,
Nor ere was loving longer then I saw,

I that have never known (what now is common)

Or to throw handsome sheeps eyes at a woman,

I that as yet, have never broke my sleep,
Nor ever did surmise, what charmes did keep

Lovers eyes open, now too well can tell
Those things, that (sure) would please a
 Lover well.

Shall I relate it to thee? yes I will,

And being told, do thou, or save, or kill,
It would be his chief glorie, if he might

Be ever resident in's Mistresse sight,

I would please him greatly (sure), to have
 the hap

For to repose himself, in's Mistresse lap,

Or else to have his Mistresse, (kinde, and
 faire)

With

With her white hand, to stroke his Am-
ber hair,
Or else to play at foot-ft, awhile with him,
Or else to play at Barly-break, to breath
him,

Or with him for to walk, a turn, or two,
Or else him for to kisse, to call, or woe,
Or entring into some retired Grove,
Beneath some pleasāt shade, to talk of love,
Or when hee's sure, there are no jealous
spies

To clip her, and look Babies in her eyes,
Or when that action doth begin to fail
For to supply it, with a pleasing tale;
How *Venus* was, unto lame *Vulcan* wed,
And yet how *Mars*, got into *Vulcan*'s bed.
And while that he, and she, did make but
one,

Poor *Vulcan*, was constrain'd to lie alone,
Or if this cannot joy enough afford,
It will be well, for to observe each bird,
How choicely she doth single out her
mate,

And unto none, but him her self doth
take,

To mark their sportive billing, each with
other,

Their Love, and dalliance pronounc'd to-
ther,

Or

Or if this chance for to yield no content,
 Then to resort, unto each pleasant plant,
 Which, by the Artist grafted skilfully,
 Doth bring forth fruit, the more abundantly,

But to conclude, 't would please him best
 (with me)

Himself, and Mistresse, in one bed to see.

*Lady, the humblest, and
 faithfullest of your
 servants*

R. H.

P R E S E N T A T I O N S

Of Gifts,

Or Love tokens.

*The presentation of a pair of
 Gloves.*

HOW happy are these skin's, that licence have

To kisse those hands; and fold those fingers
 brave;

Which to salute, even Love himself desires,
 Longing with such warm snow, to coole
 his fires,

These

These are too trivial ornaments, to shrowd
Those hands, ore which a bright resulgent
cloud

Thrown, from the clear reflection of your
eyes,

(The which the Sun, and Moon, do equal-
lize)

Ever adorns, and obvious to the view
To *Juno's* anger, and *Minerva's* too.

Vouchsafe (dear Saint) what time you draw
on these,

To think upon the dire perplexities

Your votary endures, and now at last

*As these do clip your hands, let him your
waste.*

*The presentation of a paire of
Knives.*

THese (dearest Mistress) like your
beauty are,

Th're bright, and sharp, and cut
most singular.

As doth your beauty, so they'l clearly
shave

Any poor heart, that's destin'd for your
slave,

When

When these you draw, think on those cut-
ting woes,

Those pangs, those dolours, those vexati-
ons throes

My minde endures for your neglect; and
say,

Th'art welcome now, for thou hast cut thy
way.

*The presentation of a pair of
Bracelets.*

HAd it been possible, in power of Art,
Tears (the salt issue of a grieved
heart)

So to cement, and harden that with ease,
They kindly might associate, as do these;
Mistress I could have spared, at cheap rate
Enough, for to have bought an *Indians* late;
So often have the *Lymbeck*, of my eyes
Condol'd, in briny drops, your cruelties.
These, for your use, were plunder'd from
the Sea,

Where they were guarded by *Lucorhoe*,
She to *Ulysses*, prov'd most kinde, and I
Hope some hid vertue in these stones doth
lie

Inus'd by her, Oh, now no longer check
My hopes, as these about your snowy neck
Have place, so be you pleas'd at length
(dear Saint)
My Arms with the same office to ac-
quaint.

A persuasion to Love.

THe deeper (Mistress) that your
Love is set,
The more form, and impression it
will get;
And bring forth riper fruits, then such as
grow,
And foolishly are planted, scarce so low.
If you please to command me, what I seem
By this stamp'd word *Impression*, for to
mean?
He tell you (Lady) onely such as these
Impressions have, and still can women
please
Coyn, onely for its stamps sake we allow,
And that same evidence is weak you know
And faulty (sure) that hath no seal to show
Stamp, or Impression, and even such I ken
Are all your Sex, untill th' are stamp'd by
men,

Weak.

Weak, weak you are, heaven knows, for
 why? you take
 Your chief perfections from the man you
 make,
 Then Lady, if you have desire to be
 Perfect, you needs must have recourse to
 me,
 Or to some other, that will freely give
 The same our father *Adam* gave to *Eve*.
 Alas, 'tis nothing, pray you (*Mistress*)
 take it,
 There's many wish it, that seem to forsake
 it,
 And when the shamefull dance is past and
 done,
 They much do wish, they had the same be-
 gun.
 A score of year's, before at first they learn't
 it,
 And now with any cost, they'l gladly earn
 it.

The presentation of a Musse.

THis is no *ERMINS* skin, * skins of
the greatest
price, and
only worn
by Kings.
 though I
 Could with no worse obscurity,
 Clouded your radiant hands, but
 this
 Next unto that the costliest is, Such

Such as the noblest *Russian* Dame
On gawdy dayes, is proud to claim.
Sol now, in other parts doth raige
Boetes (in his frozen wain)
His Viceroy is, *Hymus* doth finde
Conjunction with the bleak North winds,
By aide of this (dear Saint) you may
Deride the fury of the day,
When you shall deigne this furre to wear,
Oh I think what mighty power you bear
Over my senses, sometimes chill,
And sometime warm, as fear doth fill
My heart, or joy ravish my minde
In hope, you yet may prove more kinde.

*AN ODE CONGRATU-
LATORY.*

Blessed be this paire
On the earth, in the aire.
Blessed in their lasting joyes,
Blessed in their Girles, and boyes,
Let them live to hear it told
Their great Grand-Children are grown
old,
Let her beauty ever last,
And her vigour never waste,

Let

Let the Sea, that bounds these Isles
 Ebb, at least ten thousand miles,
 And return no more, but leave
 New Kingdoms for them to bequeath,
 Let their bodies not be found,
 Dwelling in the fruitful ground.
 But translated to those Thrones
 Onely built for blessed ones.

AN EPIGRAM.

Saturn hath brought from strange, and
 forreigne Lands,
 A black, and Savina wench, with many
 hands,

The which (say some) in golden Letters
 say.

She is his dearest wife, not stoln away,
 He might have sav'd (heaven knows) with
 small discretion

The Paper, and the Ink, and his confession;
 For none, that doth behold her face, and
 making

Will judge she ere was stoln, but by mi-
 staking.

SONNET.

A Dieu sweet *Delia*, for I must depart,
And leave thy sight, and with thy
sight all joy
Convoy'd with care, attend'd with annoy,
A vagabonding wretch from part to part.

Onely dear *Delia*, grant me so much
grace,
As to vouchsafe this heart, distraught with
sorrow,
To attend upon thy shadow, even, and
morrow,
Whose wonted pleasure was to view thy
face.

And if sometimes, thou pensive do re-
main,
And for thy dearest dear, a sigh let it slide,
This poor attendant sitting by thy side,
Shall be thy Eccho, to reply again.

Then farewell *Delia*, for I must away,
But to attend thee, my poor heart shall
stay.

A TALE

A Man there was who liv'd a merry
life,

Till in the end, he took him to a wife,
One that no more was (for she could
speak)

And now and then her husband's costrel
break,

So fierce she was, and furious as in fun,
She was an arrant Devil of her tongue.

This drove the poor man to a discontent,
And oft, and many times did he repent

That e're he chang'd his former
state,

But 'las, repentance thē did come too late,
No cure he findes, to heal this mallady,

But makes a vertue of necessity,

The common cure for care to every man,

A pot of nappy Ale, where he began

To fortifie his brains, 'gainst all should
come,

'Mongst which, the clamour of his wives
low'd tongue,

This habit grafted in him, grew so strong,

That when he was from Ale, an hour
seem'd long,

So

So well he liked th' profession, on a time,
 Having staid long at pot (for rule nor line
 Limits no drunkard) even from morne to
 night,

He hasted home space, by the Moon light,
 Where as he went, what phantasies were
 bred

I do not know, in his distemper'd head,
 But a strange Ghost appear'd (and forc'd
 him stay)

With which perplext, he thus beganne to
 say,

Good spirit if thou be, I need no charme,
 For well I know, thou wilt not do me
 harm,

Or if the Devil sure, he thou should'st not
 hurt,

I wedd thy sister, I am plagued for't,
 The spirit well approving what he said,
 Dissolv'd to aire, and quickly vanished.

A pleasant Song

When Autumn dispos'd the woods
 of their leaves,
 And provident Nature got in her
 sheaves,

When

When Acorns were fallen,
 And Shrubs were grown dead,
 Then frosty old *Hymen*, with *Hebe* would
 wed.

A rotten old Rustick, with hobnails in's
 With cobled old Rethorick, & *Ugin* the
 Yea, vertue proves venial,
 And beauty is sold,
 And *Mopsa* get his *Misa*, with *Pluto's*
 gold.

3.

Since lovely *Corinna*, so peerlesse a Gem,
 Must match with a block, and so saplesse a
 stem,

Let *Daphne* bewail it,
 And *Cynthia* mourn.
 And all the Nymphs mirth, into heaviness
 turn.

Diana the loss of her Nymph doth de-
 plore,

And

And vows him *Alceon's* bad fortune, and
more,

A Bull Jove will make him,

And so he doth vow,

His wife he will turn into *IO the Cow*.

5.

Like *Venus* to *Vulcan*, so chaste, let her
prove,

As constant and quiet, as *Luno* to *Love*,

As kinde as *Zantippa*

To *Socrates* was.

So let this rude *Coridon* finde his sweet
Lasse.

POESIES for RINGS.

May no annoy
Disturb our joy.

Another.

Suspition flie
And jealousy.

Another.

We joyntly both
Have plighted troth.

An-

Another.

Where's Love, there's blisse;
Where's hate, there's disse.

Another.

Our loyal Love
Was made above.

Another.

No ill shall spot
Our Gordian knot.

Another.

Our hands have given
Our hearts to Heaven.

Another.

Thou art my star,
Be not irregular.

Another.

What can outvy
Our Harmony?

A PROPHETICK
ODE.

WHen men and women blushtesse
grow
In filthinesse, and act it so,
As if a stallion to be knowh,
A Princely quality were grown,
Or when your Ladies do appear,
(As if old heath'nish *Rome* were here)
By Coachfulls, with a brazen face,
To see men run a naked race,
And when sin to a ranknesse springs
Beyond the reach of libellings,
And libelling so common be,
That none shall from their dirt be free,
Though ne're so innocent (but those
Whom no man hates, envies, or knows)
Then look for that, which will ensue
Such impudence, if heaven be true.

Epithalamium,

Or

A Nuptiall Song.

CROWNED be thou Queen of love
By those glorious powers above,
Love, and beauty joyn'd together,
May they col, and kisse each other,
And in mid'st of their delight,
Shew the pleasure in the night,
For where acts of love resort
Longest nights, seem too too short.
May thou sleeping dream of that,
Which thou waking dost partake,
That both sleep, and watching may,
Make the darkest night seem day.
In thy pleasures, may thy smile
Burnish, like the Camomile,
Which in verdure is increast
Most, when it is most deprest.
Vertues, as they do attend thee,
So may Sovereign thoughts defend thee.
Acting in thy love with him,
Wedlock actions are no sin,
Be he loyal ever thine,
He thy picture, thou his shrine,

Thou

Thou the metal, he the mint,
Thou the Wax, and he the print,
He the Lanthorn, thou the Lamp,
Thou the bulloyn, he the stamp,
He the image, leg, and limb,
Thou the mold to cast him in,
He the Plummer, thou the Center,
Thou to shelter, he to enter.

*The finishing of usual, and ordinary
Epistles.*

YOur friend to serve you,
Your faithfull friend.
Your obliged friend.
Your friend and servant.
Your constant friend.
Your immutab^le friend.

Or thus :

Your servant.
Your humble servant.
Your very servant.
Your humblest servant.
The servant of your worth.
The servant of your worthy vir-
tues.

Or thus.

Your honourer.
 Your admirer.
 Your adorer.
 Your Beadsmān.
 Yours devoted.
 Yours affectionately, &c.

For Amorous Epistles.

The honourer of your perfections.
 The adorer of your beauty.
 Your beauties vassall.
 Your obsequious servant.
 Your languishing Lover.
 Yours, more than his own.
 Yours, wholly to be disposed of.
 Yours, in life, or death.
 Yours, or his Grave's.

Superscriptions for usual, and ordinary Epistles.

For the much honoured.
 For my approved friend.
 For my true friend.

For

For my much respected friend,
For the much meriting, &c.
For the worthily honoured.
For my dearly loved friend.
For the pious, and truly learned.

Superscriptions for Amorous Epistles:

FOr the truly chaste, and exquisitely
beauteous.
For the fair and vertuous.
For the mirrour of her Sex.
For the beauteous, and most ingenious.
For the glorie of her Sex.
For the gallant and truly noble.
For the sweet and vertuous.
For the truly chaste and pious.
For the pattern of perfection.

*If any list to make a conceited conclusion to
his Letter, then thus.*

From me, and mine,
To you and yours,
From time to times,
Our prayers like showers

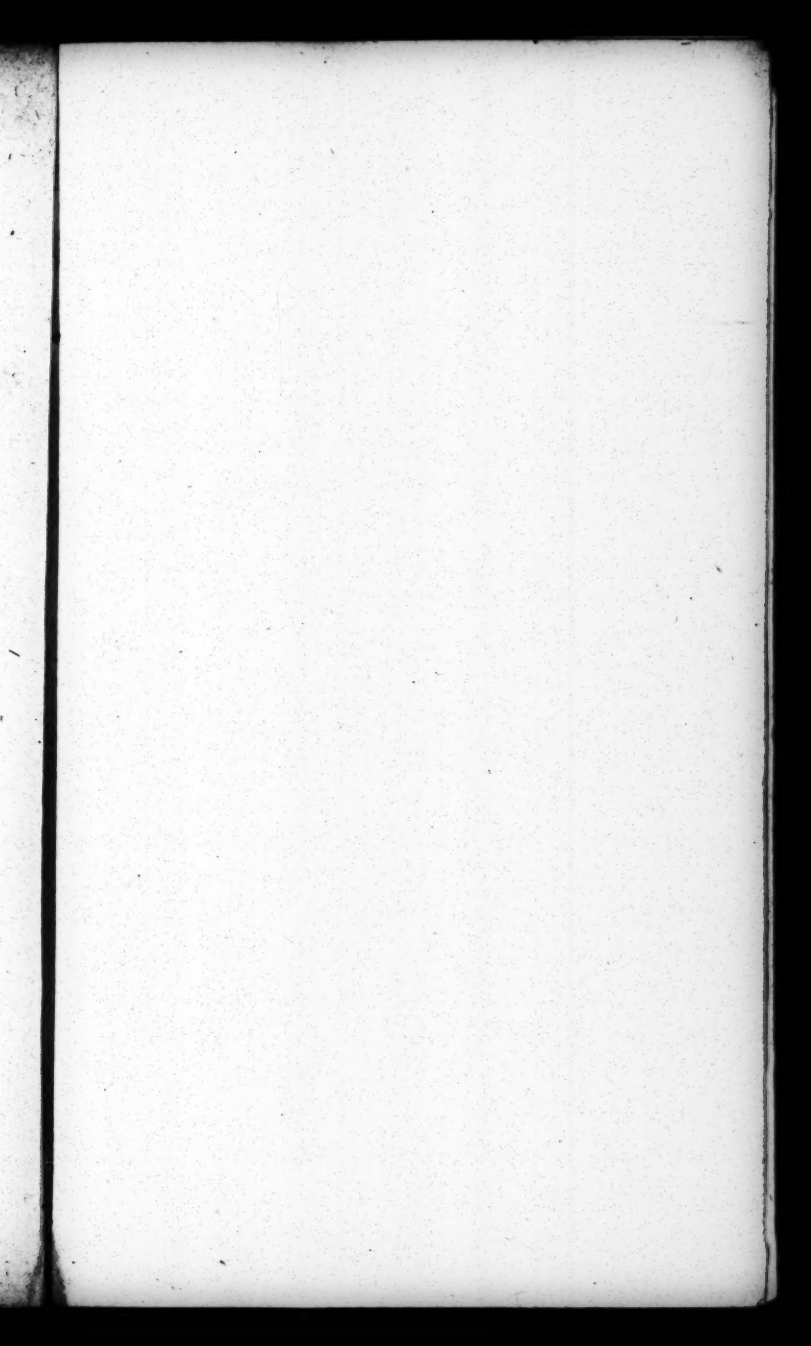
Diffused be
Incessantly.

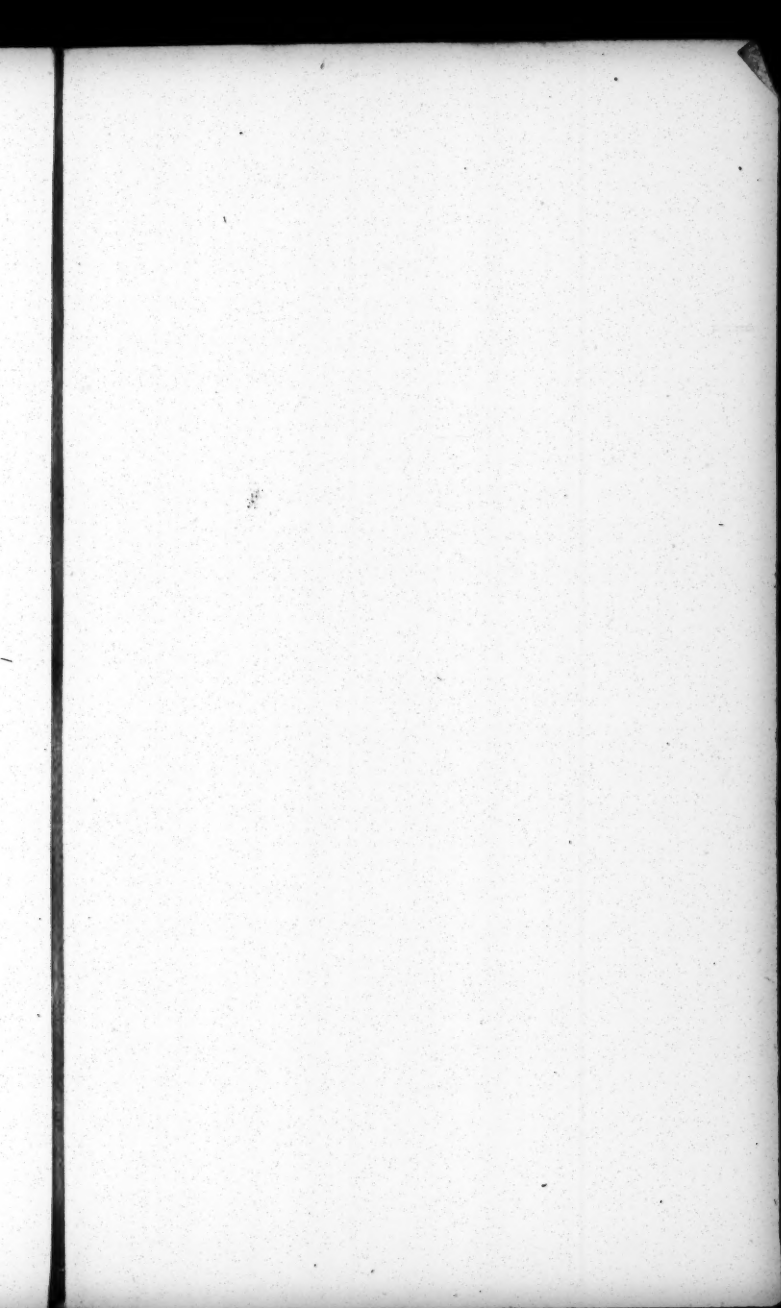
Your worth's observer.

FINIS.









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RECORD OF EXHIBITION

Date	Opening
11/19/48	t.p.